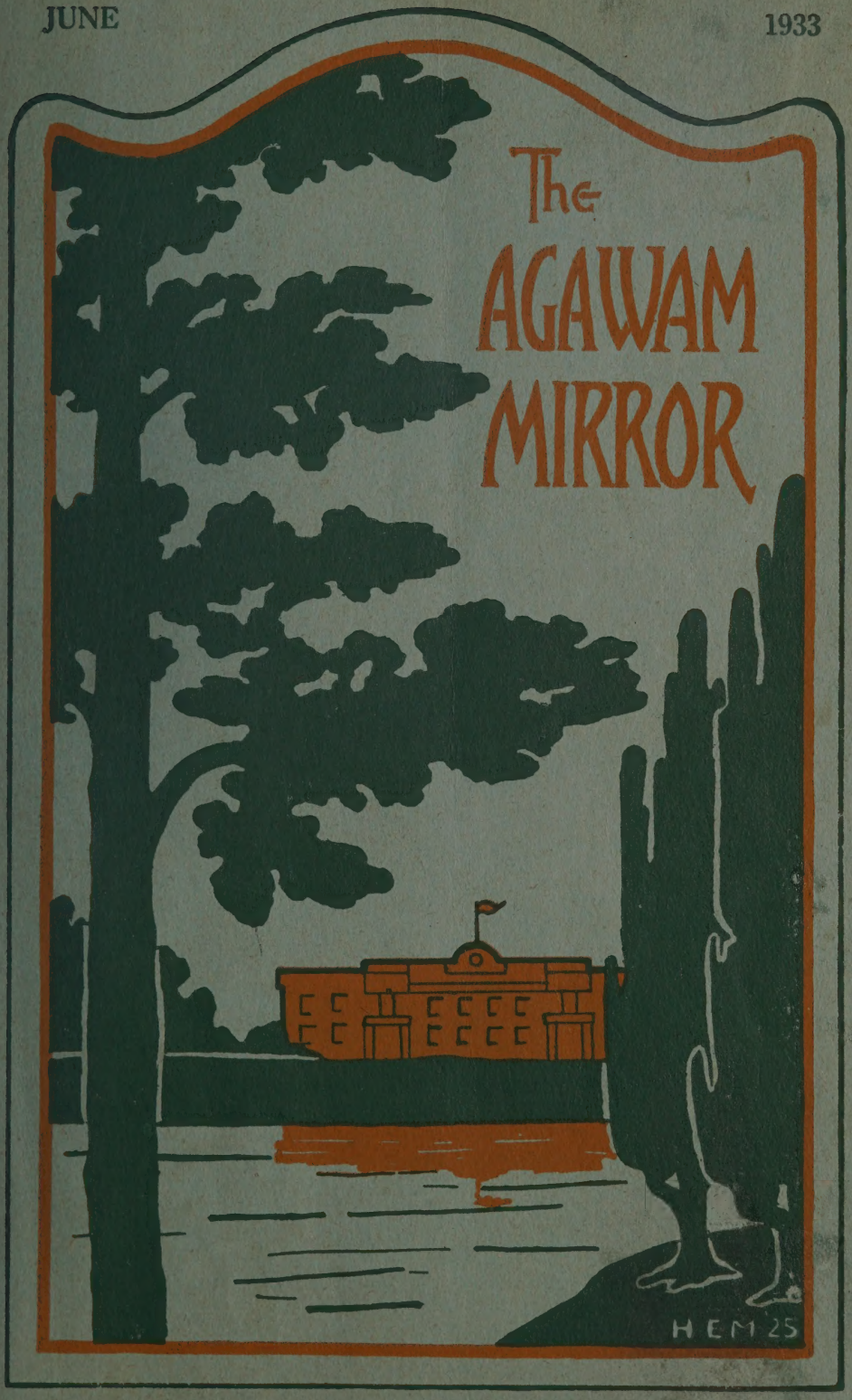
Agnes Arnold.

JUNE 1933

The AGAWAM MIRROR



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The AGAWAM MIRROR

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A Question

By EDNA RUST

"Have you asked Grandma Aker if you can go to our camp this weekend?" The blonde nymph, Betty Tilson, had been running at top speed across Stetson campus. "I must know, Dot. Besides I don't see why she won't let you go if Grandma Carter says you can."

"Oh, Betty, you don't know Grandma Aker. She'll cling to her own ideas no matter what Grandma Carter says." The black-eyed, laughing-mouthed brunette raised one shoulder in a haughty manner as a method of illustration.

"I'm going to ask Grandma Aker tonight, if I can get dismissed in time to get the 7:20 train. Dean Packard thinks that I have too many dismissals, but I can't tease Gram over the telephone. I wrote a letter to Grandma Carter so she knows that I'm coming. If Gram tells the Dean (when she calls up) that she will send me home in her car, I think everything will be all right. Be sure and stay awake if I don't get in at ten o'clock."

Two hours later, at 271 Ingersoll Grove, Dorchester, Massachusetts, Dot tumbled in the back door of the little white house which was sparkling clean inside and out.

"Dorothy Carter, why are you here? You aren't supposed to come until Friday night. Where is your bag?"

"Listen, Grandma, I came to ask you—"

"Well, Dorothy, why didn't you ask me over the telephone?"

"But, Grandma, it's too important; I had to see you."

"Don't you know a young girl shouldn't be out alone at night in this wicked world?"

"Oh, Grandma, please sit down and promise not to speak until I finish. I haven't time to answer questions," said Dot, gently pushing the spry old lady to her slightly-used chair, for Grandma claimed that she had too much to do to spend her time sitting down.

"You know Betty Tilson, Grandma. Well, she has asked ten of us girls out to their camp in New Hampshire to spend the weekend. Grandma Carter will let me go, I know, and I'm going over to ask her after you give me your opinion. I'll be very good if you will let me go and I'll take plenty of warm wraps. Please let me go."

She looked up and saw that the nervous little lady was rocking her chair rapidly and was tapping her fingers on the arm of the chair with the same tension. Evidently she was thinking hard. A scowl passed over the thin wrinkled face as she looked up and asked, "Isn't she the girl who smokes when she is out with the young men?"

Dot was slow in replying but she finally answered very truthfully, "Grandma, all society girls smoke now. Didn't you know that?"

"That goes to prove what a wicked world we are living in, young lady. I don't care to have you associate with such wickedness," retorted the religious grandmother.

"I know, but I don't have to smoke and she won't smoke in front of me. She's a good girl, Grandma."

"No girl that smokes is good," said determined Grandma.

"I suppose that means that I can't go. I guess you were never young or you'd let me go just the same."

"I'm sorry, but I know that your dead parents want me to do what I think is right."

"Good-bye, Grandma, I'll probably see you tomorrow night," said the girl down-

heartedly, as she kissed the Grandma who loved her so much.

About fifteen minutes later, Dot reached the large brick house on Madison Avenue in the same town. Grandma Carter, so like a last year's fern, frail and lovely, looked up from her knitting with a smile much like the happy smile of a child. Her bright brown eyes sparkled and the little round face, framed by snowy white hair, glowed with happiness. She did not arise when her beloved granddaughter entered, for although not as old as the other grandmother, she was far from spry. Sickness had placed many marks upon her.

"Something is troubling you, my dear," she remarked gently, for Grandma's eyes were very alert at discerning sorrow in the faces of the young. She was always so sympathetic.

"Oh Grandma, what shall I do? Betty Tilson's mother has invited some of us girls to spend the weekend at their camp in New Hampshire, and Grandma Aker says I can't go because Betty smokes sometimes. Do you think it is fair to hold that against a girl who is such a companionable, well-mannered person? She never smokes when I'm around because she knows that I don't care for that sort of thing.

"Don't prejudice yourself against your grandmother because she is trying to have you do what she thinks is right. You know that we have never seen your friend, and, of course, when we were young, a girl who smoked was not considered a lady."

"I know that, Grandma, but times are different now. All girls who belong to aristocratic, wealthy families smoke and no one criticizes them."

"Perhaps you're right, dear. Grandmothers do not know much about the ways of today; we do have to admit that. Dotty, you have always had fine judgment. Even as a small child you chose the very best type of friends; that is why I am not worried about your friendship with this girl.

"Thank you for saying that because I do try to mingle with elevating people, honestly. And Betty is one of the best friends I ever had."

"How would you like to try the honor system, my dear?"

"What's that?"

"Promise me that whenever you are doubtful about doing something, instead of asking us, ask yourself if you think that your folks would have wanted you to do it. You know that your father always wanted you to have the good times other young people had; but he was very careful to investigate into your plans in a most kind way."

"Do you really mean that I never have to ask you again if I may go anywhere?" burst out the elated grandaughter.

"Of course, dear, you must tell us your decision so we can give you a helpful hint if we think you have overstepped the pace. It is late now, and you must go quickly. Do you want to go out to the kitchen and ask Tom to take you back to the school? He is probably out there in the kitchen playing checkers with Liza. He spends most of his time there these days. There must be a romance stirring. I'm glad there are lovers in this house after all these years. It makes me happy just to watch them because they are real and my dream lovers aren't anymore."

"Oh you dear old Gramie. I just love to hear about those fancies of yours. Grandpa and you must have had wonderful times when you were young if life then was anything like your dreams."

"We did. Your grandfather was a man of fine character and your father was much like him; that is why you have so many of your grandfather's good traits. Perhaps, dear, that is the reason I trust you so. Now run along and remember to call me in the morning to tell me your decision."

Tom was glad to do a kindness for his young mistress, but it was terribly hard for him to leave that cheerful kitchen. Poor Dotty waited on the threshold fully twenty minutes, fearing lest she should be late in returning to school. At last she heard the familiar phrase, "G'bye, Liza, you all had bettah be gitting to bed," and Tom evaded most of the steps in abounding strides. Dotty tripped silently behind, lost to the world in thought; in fact, so absorbed, that she plunged, tangled curls first, over the little stone fence into the duck pond which fortunately was dry in that season. Tom, always alert, seized Dot in her plight and deposited her once more on a firm foundation.

Eventually, Dot bounced—yes, bounced—onto the velour cushions of the Tourraine and settled herself for the moonlight drive.

"It shuah am a byootiful night, Miss Dorothy," exclaimed Tom.—"No answah, may be she didn't heah. Guess I'll have to speak loudah.—It shuah am a byootiful night, Miss Dorothy," he shouted.—"Guess she's a-dreaming."

Dot was not dreaming but she was certainly weighing her thoughts in a most serious attitude.—"I remember the time I wanted to go to dancing school and Daddy asked why. Of course, I told him that it was the because the rest of the girls were going, and Daddy said I meant that most of the others were going. He asked if all my life I was going to follow the majority whether they were right or wrong. I know that if I tell the girls that I am not going they will call me a prig and Grandma's darling; but Mother always said that girls who shun one because that one follows the course of his conscience, are not friends worth having. And yet I should hate to part with any of my friends. If I go to the camp, Grandma Aker will not be able to sleep for weeks thinking about the sins of her erring granddaughter; and I would carry a guilty feeling all weekend. Besides Grandma Carter did not think it feasible for me to go and I should never think of blighting her faith in me. Oh dear, what shall I do? I really think that Dad would let me go, and if I go, we shall have a wonderful time cooking out-of-doors and tramping through the woods. I must go."

"Heah we ah, Miss Dorothy," exclaimed the beaming chauffeur.

"Oh Tom, you startled me."

"I shuah is ashamed of you, Missy dreaming like that. I said we all is heah."

"Oh thank you, Tom, for telling me. I seem to be thinking."

"I sortah guessed that maself, Missy. Why Missy, this heah doah am locked."

"Oh dear, forgetful Perkins must have forgotten me. We can't ring because Miss Prudence will come down, and we girls would have no sleep for the rest of the night. I never saw such a house mother! She talks all the time. Oh! see that faint light up there? That is my room. It is only on the second floor and the windows are low. Do you suppose I could get in by climbing up on your shoulders? You know you are tall and don't you think you are strong enough to hold me?"

"All right, Missy, but you all is taking a terrible risk, and you will hurt these purty hands on the vines."

"I'm ready, Tom—eek—I landed," burst out Dot as she landed in the midst of helpful but giggling roommates. "Thank you, Tom. Girls! what happened to Perkins?"

"We thought we heard her lock the door after Lucille came in, but we weren't sure. You know Lucille is always the last one in and I guess Perkins thought that faithful Dot was surely in. She had a headache tonight so she placed us on our honor to turn the lights out at ten so she wouldn't have to come upstairs," whispered the would-be weekenders hoarsely. "But for goodness sake, Dot! Why are you keeping us in suspense? Can't you go?"

"No, I can't. They didn't think I ought to."

"O-o-o-o-oh Do-o-o-ot."

Coincidence

By CHARLES ARDIZONI

George Craven stared broodingly from his library window out into the wet. The new novel his publishers had been clamoring for was not taking shape. His mind was not on his work.

He moved to the encyclopedias and picking one from the shelves, thumbed through it aimlessly. The dictionary next attracted his attention. He opened the volume and lost himself among the r's. Then, abruptly he closed it, stalked back to the window, and gazed across the broad expanse of lawn to the dark, wet road.

Nine-thirty in the evening and it was still raining. That cold biting rain irritated him. He moved heavily from the window and sank into the chair before his typewriter. Why, he wondered, couldn't men forget the past? Why did bitter and unfortunate experiences have to haunt a person throughout his life? Why did not the Creator endow man with the power to shut out such things and leave him to start anew?

Marlene Storherr. She seemed to be in the room at this very moment. All her charm and beauty rose before him. Memories that had been with him for years sped through his mind this evening.

He, a young American student in Berlin; and she, the charming daughter of a German Junker family. Ugly rumors of war. The declaration following on their heels, and the ensuing mad scramble of foreigners to leave. His last evening with her was vividly before him. A sincere promise to return. The future they had planned. All of it broken by his own damnable blunder!

Some day, he thought, he would go mad.

William, his colored man, entered to find him staring moodily at the partially typed sheet in his typewriter. "A man to see you Mista' Craven. He says his motor done quit on him an' wants to know if you kin help him."

Craven started out of his brooding. "I'll see him," he said and stalked from the room. "At last, something to take up my mind," he thought.

In the small reception room of this eight room house the visitor awaited him. He was a short and stockily built man, every bit of him solid. He had a genial red face and was wiping the moisture from it with his handkerchief. His open trench coat revealed him dressed in a brown suit that could have been a better fit.

"What a night! What a mess!" he ejaculated as he saw Craven approach. "My car's dead," he explained. "I guess she's wet. I can't get a murmur. Can you help me?"

George Craven smiled.

"There is an empty stall in my garage and I can push you in that. William will phone the garage and they'll send a man up to look it over, if that's suitable."

"That will be fine," answered the stranger.

Craven pulled on his coat, left his order with William and moved into the wet with the stranger.

After they had pushed the visitor's loud, cream colored car into the garage, the men entered the house. They retired to the library where the stranger introduced himself.

"I am Frank Gardner of Hartford."

Craven made himself known and after commenting on the weather and other trite topics, conversation seemed to expire.

Finally Gardner picked up a tack.

"I've been attending a reunion in Pittsfield for the last few days," he stated.

"What kind of a reunion?"

"O, some of the old gang of the 26th managed to get together and exchange experiences once more."

Craven lapsed into silence but Gardner continued along this line. Finally he in-

quired, "Say, did you see service?"

"Yes. Air corps."

Gardner smiled and sighed heavily.

"That was a job!" he exclaimed. "No mud, no cooties, and clean bunks."

Craven smiled sardonically. He had a desire to flame up and burst upon the man.

"You know," he continued, "I thought the Boche were the only ones that bombed hospitals but I found it wasn't so at Vigneulles. There is no more low down creature than a fellow who will blow up a hospital. You should have seen the one we found, and our own men did it!"

Craven was mad; not angry. He dropped his head upon his chest, dug his hands into the upholstering on his chair and breathed shortly.

"The whole east end was demolished, and a good number killed," Gardner continued. "The Boches removed the rest of the wounded but things got so hot around that section they had to leave their dead. "Say!" he said, "What's the matter with you, you're white as a sheet!"

"I'm all right," Craven said. "I just get this way once in a while," he said bitingly.

"That's my car in the drive now. I guess I had better leave," said Gardner.

"William will show you out."

And Gardner left wondering.

Craven relaxed in his chair and stared at the wall across from him.

What did that fool know about it! He wasn't there! Craven thought. It had been his first flight too. Thoughts ran in a jumble before him.

The Old Man's orders about bombing reënforcements. Told them to keep out of fights. Craig, the veteran flight leader, his pilot. The pursuit ship escorts and the fight on the way over. Then their objective! A body of troops marching by the east side of that hospital. That mad dive toward earth, the ground coming up towards him rapidly. When to release those bombs! When should he release them! His nerves were getting the better of him. Craig was pulling out of the dive. He emptied his rack—too soon. With a horrified fascination he watched the east end of the hospital climb skyward. The bitterness and despair that followed. His efforts to find out the number killed. The list the C. O. finally handed to him. Ten names in all. One name, Marlene Storherr—nurse.

ROBIN AND A ROSEBUD

I wander through a meadow
Fragrant, fresh, and green;
And pause in the friendly shadow
Of an oak by a rippling stream.

The fragrance of a rosebud
Is wafted on a breeze,
And I hear the song of a robin
Issue clearly through the trees.

I see the flowers tossing,
Like sailboats in a dream,
As they slowly sway in rhythm
To the crooning of the stream.

I feel the breath of a rosebud,
I hear a robin sing—
A Robin, and a Rosebud,
And I know that it is Spring!

Alfred Davis.

Live and Learn

By MAGDELINE MENCARELLI

"I wouldn't if I were you, Joe."

"Oh! It won't do anyone any harm." said Joe laughingly, as he lit the cigarette which had previously been handed him by one of his friends who had told him that he was afraid to smoke in school.

"O. K. with me, then," said the well-meaning Buck as he walked away.

Joe, a tall, dark boy of eighteen, was going out for the football team which he had been hoping to make for the last month. He stood a good chance, as he was among the best players of his class.

It was the first time he had smoked a cigarette in school. He didn't want to be "yellow" when challenged by one of the gang. Now, even though he knew he was violating the school rules, he was doing the thing which was to greatly influence his later years. There was nothing wrong with Joe except that he loved to be "dared" into doing things which he knew were dangerous, but was too proud to be called a "fraid-cat." He had a kind, generous heart, willing to help anyone in trouble, and he highly honored his school.

As he was taking the last puff from his forbidden cigarette, the boys heard a soft, stealthy footstep in the corridor. They instantly recognized the principal's rubber-soled step. Luckily, Joe was standing near the water-faucet. The cigarette was immediately pushed under the running water. There was still a bit of insistent smoke which had refused to disappear hanging forlornly against the ceiling as the principal walked in.

Joe tried to look as nonchalant as possible but a betraying paleness settled on his otherwise highly-colored features. The other boys unconsciously looked in his direction as the piercing black eyes of the older man saw the paleness of Joe's face and the cigarette odor was keenly sensed by his large sensitive nostrils. He also saw the boys' instant turning of their heads as they realized that they had given Joe away by looking at his distressed face.

"Well, what can you say for yourself?" said the principal in a harsh voice.

"I guess there isn't much to say," replied Joe lifelessly.

"All right, you can come along with me," said Mr. Gulden in an unpitying tone.

The boys' open-mouthed gazes followed Joe's stooped figure as he was followed out of the room by the principal.

As the discoverer and the discovered walked along the corridor, Joe's mind refused to find an alibi to help him in his predicament. Well, there wasn't any excuse anyway.

When they reached the door of the office, Joe's eyes caught sight of the gold-inscribed words on a blue background: "Ungainly acts bring bitter tears." This was their school motto.

What remorse came to Joe as his stooped shoulders sank lower and lower at the stinging words of Mr Gulden: "Since you haven't anything to say, I'll come right to the point. I hear you expect to make the football team this year; right?"

The only response was a lifeless nod.

"Well, I guess you know what I mean?" the man finished in a determined tone.

The stooped head quickly rose, "Oh! surely not that!"

The thin moist lips which were used to giving commands slowly formed the words, "Yes, just that."

Joe could speak no further, as large tears came into eyes which had never known tears before. Even when his dearly loved grandmother had died those eyes had remained dry in an effort to comfort the other mourners in the family.

The principal formed the words in a stern tone: "You are dismissed."

It seemed that all Joe's hopes had crumbled in a heap at his feet to be put together as best he could. He hesitated a while, then at a warning look from the principal, he rather staggered than walked out of the room. He was unconscious of the whispering voices of his comrades: "Joe, what'd he say?" "Hey, Joe, listen." His ears had heard enough for one day.

How was he to face his family? Oh, it was going to be torture! What would Dad say, and Mother and Jeanne, his dear sister who was so proud of her "big" brother? He felt that she could call him big no longer.

As he walked into his room that night, he saw a pair of blue eyes smiling out of a large photograph on his bureau. At thought of her, he knew that he must hold his head up and try to get his place on the football team by good behavior. He knew that Mae was not the type who would turn against him in this crisis, but he felt that he couldn't hurt her by having his name mentioned in school with a black mark before it. It was low! *low*! *Low*!

He decided that he would have to face the facts and he might just as well do it in the best way possible. But, try as he might, he couldn't look Mother and Dad squarely in the eyes without a feeling of guilt. He knew his father to be a stern man in matters of this sort, and he knew that Mother would be very much hurt to find that she had a son who would forsake his school for a silly whim.

His father noticed that all was not well with Joe. He spoke his thoughts. Joe paled and answered as lightly as possible, "Oh, nothing, why?"

Mr. Ellis avoided an answer as his wife entered the room.

Joe tried very hard to keep up his former spirit but his flashy smile no longer had the happy-go-lucky manner of usual. In fact he could hardly smile at a joke brought up by Jeanne.

Joe felt three people looking at him but dared not lift his eyes for fear that they would detect shame in them.

At last dinner was over. Jeanne helped Mother with the dishes, Dad picked up the newspaper and found his most comfortable chair. Joe made an attempt at school work, but failed. He knew that he must not go upstairs to his room or he might cause suspicion, as he never went up till late.

At nine o'clock he gave the excuse of a headache as he walked out of the room. He immediately threw himself across his bed and great convulsive sobs shook his large frame.

He did not hear, about five minutes later, Jeanne coming softly into his room. She stifled a cry of alarm as she saw Joe lying across his bed.

"Joe!"

He sat up quickly as he heard his name called.

"Joey, what's the matter?" Jeanne whispered frantically.

"Jeanne, why did you come here?"

"Joey, will you tell me what's the matter?" she repeated firmly.

"Oh! I can't tell you!"

"And why can't you tell me?"

"Because Mother and Dad can't know."

"Well, you don't think I would tell them unless you wanted me to, would you?"

"Oh, all right. They'll find out anyway. I might as well tell them myself."

At the end of the story, Jeanne was weeping wildly and every effort to comfort her was in vain. At last she became conscious of the fact that Mother and Dad might hear. As she dried her eyes, she told Joe that he might as well make a clean breast of it because Mom and Dad would know anyway.

Jeanne left the room and also her brother, to suffer through a sleepless night with a chaos of thoughts running through his mind.

The next morning as Joe went to breakfast, he told Mother and Dad everything. Mr. Ellis eyed Joe in a way which made Joe glad that he had come clean and he thanked Jeanne for her good judgment in such a matter. Mr. Ellis was grateful that at least his son would tell the truth.

That day at school, Joe told Mae about it. At first she would not believe that it could be possible and her blue eyes danced with mirth as her cheeks dimpled and her lips spread in a slow smile. Her curly blond hair shook in motion with her small, well-shaped head as she smiled up at Joe and said, "Tell me another."

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Magic Word

By FERN MILLER

Some of you have heard the story of the fifty-first dragon written by Heywood Broun. It is the story of Gawaine le Coeur-Hardy, a pupil in a school for knights, where they received training in killing dragons. He was a coward, and the teacher, to cure him of his cowardice, gave him the magic word Rumplesnitz. With this new weapon Gawaine went forth and slew forty-nine dragons. One day after a rousing night at the tavern with some fellow students, he went to kill his fiftieth dragon. Because of his befuddled brain, he couldn't think of the magic word; but to protect himself he swung a mighty blow and killed the dragon. Puzzled he returned to school and went immediately to the head master. "But I forgot the magic word," he said. "Fiddlesticks!" replied the master, "that was just my idea to have you forget your fear."

Gawaine accordingly went home to bed and the next day, after being dragged from under the bed where he had hidden, he went out to search for his fifty-first dragon. When he did not return home at dusk, a searching party was organized but all they ever found of Gawaine was the handle to his axe and his medals.

Humorous? Yes, but there is more than humor in this story; it has even a more definite moral, in that it typifies human nature and has a significant bearing on the situation in which we find ourselves today. Our magic word has proved to be false.

We find ourselves at a definite crossroad in our lives. This depression which is the natural outgrowth of too much getting and spending over the past two decades finds us ill prepared to cope with our problems. Our elders have but recently learned that there is a vast difference between making a fortune and keeping it, and we are just awaking to the realization that the game is over and the chips are all piled at one end of the table—the other end. And we, the new generation of high school students, must pick our way through the scattered debris of lost hopes and mistaken ideals, and build the fundamentals of a new world based on different standards of living.

When a student's ideals are destroyed, his standards of living lowered, there are two courses which he will ultimately pursue. If he is a weakling, as the hero of our story, then disillusion will destroy him and his world will crumble in the dust, but if he has courage and initiative and the ability to rise above his misfortune, then he will cast aside the worn out tools of his predecessors and create a new idealism and new standards of success.

Gawaine perished as many have perished because they could not survive the destruction of their illusions.

It is to its youth that America turns in this moment of its greatest peril. How will it react in a similar situation? Born in an atmosphere of material prosperity, educated according to materialistic doctrines, youth stands upon the ruins of an imagined infallibility and asks these questions, "What am I to believe?" "Upon what can I base my life?"

Students today need a new "magic word" which will bring with it the acceptance of their mission in life. They must be taught a new set of values and appreciation of immaterial as well as material wants. Most important of all, they must be taught to work and learn that they may achieve their aims and glory in their victories after leaving school.

Education is the answer to the problem, but a type of education which cannot be carried out solely within the walls of our schools. We must realize that education is a twenty-four hour job, every day in the year, involving the close co-operation of educator, pupil, and parents. The teachers are better equipped to handle their end of the position than ever before. The parents must make their children realize that education is a commodity to be sold in a market; therefore he will get only the quality he demands.

After all it is not diplomas, pins, nor medals, that get us a place in the world; it's the initiative to push on to unknown heights until you have finally reached your goal. So I say to you—More Education and on to Success!

BEAUTY

Beauty, fairy disguised is she.
Sometimes in yellow flower-cups
She hides, or under a leaf, or
Into the old ivy, she creeps,
And with sunbeams plays hide-and-seek,
Or haunt some ruined palace, she may,
Or from a bright young face, may laugh.

Think what it must be to lily-lodge.
Imagine an ivory palace of pearl
With silver pillars, capitals of gold,
And exhaling such a perfume
As from man-made censer ne'er arose.
Fancy being tucked in rose folds.
Beauty's jovial life is this.

Beauty, deceiving elfin, she.
The form of a white cloud sometimes
She takes, dancing o'er fields of green,
Or nimbly o'er the deep blue sea
Where her misty form, marked out
In a fleeting darkness, looks like
An angel wing's passing shadow.

Lena Lodi.

A HAPPY DAY

A happy day for me would be
An active one, alive and free
  To move unhampered, and to dare
  To play and dance, forgetting care.
In the early morn I would arise
Before old Sol's high in the skies;
  And through the diamond-studded grass,
  My dog and I would gaily pass
On our way to the woods to romp and play
To usher in this happy day.
  On my return, I would not shirk
  Doing my share of the household work.
And I'd try to spend an hour or so
Coaxing my stubborn flowers to grow.
  The afternoon—I have no doubt—
  Would find me in a tennis bout;
Or bathing in a tree-trimmed pool,
In sapphire-waters refreshingly cool.
  At night, in the hammock, there to stay
  Reliving the joys of this perfect day,
Wondering if another will be
As pleasantly active, delightful, and free.

Justine Healy.

WIND AND WAVE

Standing on a rock which jutted into the sea, I felt as if I were wild and free myself as I listened to the sonorous roar of the wind-whipped waves. Pounding on to the shore, only to flow back hissingly into the ocean, the baffled sea's deep tones seemed to pierce my very soul. I seemed to be a part of this stormy, green gray spirit. Blowing furiously, the warm, wild wind too appeared to desire my company, for she tugged at my flapping skirts and ruffled my wildly waving hair and then, rushed off to whip the white-caps from the top of one ten-foot wall of water to another.

The salty sea tang filled my nostrils and seemed to clean and refresh me to the very pit of my stomach.

What fun the grass-green mermaids must have riding the green-brown, foamy waves, being buffeted by the sea wind as it journeys on its way. Perhaps the force of the current throws them on to the changeful, cool sand. Oh, for the life of the scaly maidens!

To see the wind-tossed waves, to feel the cool refreshing wind and spray, and best of all, to sense the crisp, tasty, smell of the salt-laden air—that is the life for me.

A SILVERY PHENOMENON

Silvery beams, flitting about the window, drew my attention as I was busily washing the dishes. When I had finished, I ran out into the yard which was flooded with moonlight. Mounting higher and higher, the moon seemed to reach miles above the soft blue-black sky. Smiling, the moon seemed to share her white gold beams gladly, for she very cheerfully watched them dart to the quiet yet swiftly moving earth. The tufts of grass and weeds sparkled like the morning dew. Appearing one by one, the pale white stars popped out of their misty hiding places to hang brightly silhouetted against the velvety blue of the sky. As I gazed at the stars, I discovered the Big Dipper hanging low in the heavens, seemingly ready to catch any falling stars. Walking to the edge of the woods, I was surprised to see how light it was, even in there. Darting here and there, moonbeams seemed to be playing tag with each other. One would hide behind a tree and suddenly pounce out and join another. It was a lovely scene and I was very reluctant to return to my home which was a pale white in the moonlight.

Constance Lavoie, '35.

Editorials

ONE ISSUE ONLY

"What! there is not going to be a *Mirror* this year?" "Did you say that we are not to have a magazine?" "Is there really going to be no *Mirror*? Such remarks, spoken in tones of surprise and regret, were heard frequently in our school corridors last fall.

These expressions of genuine regret, which accompanied the final decision that the quarterly publications of our magazine were not to be issued this year, were in perfect accordance with the feelings and thoughts of those who had diligently strived to maintain our magazine, and who at times had doubted the desire of the students to continue its publication. But these remarks showed the staff that the students did want to continue the publication. Unfortunately, finances decided otherwise. In spite of all efforts and plans made in an attempt to secure funds for publishing the usual four copies, the staff has not succeeded.

But we are happy that with the school's co-operation, we are able to give you this one issue with the hope of returning to the quarterly publications in the coming year.

TRADITIONS AND CUSTOMS

Boys in the old English schools pride themselves in their curious traditions and customs, some of which date back to the fifteenth century.

Westminister School, which traces its history back to the fourteenth century, has the custom of "Greaze." This takes place on Shrove Tuesday, when, with appropriate ceremony, a pancake is thrown over the bar which formerly divided the Upper from the Under School. The boy who gets the largest piece of it in the ensuing struggle is rewarded with a guinea from the Dean. This ceremony probably survives from Elizabethan times, but what the origin of the custom was nobody knows. Also since Elizabeth's time, the annual Latin play has remained one of the most distinctive features of Westminister.

Christ's Hospital, the school Coleridge and Lamb attended, has a band which plays in the Quadrangel before dinner every day. The members wear the school's traditional garb consisting of a long blue coat, yellow stockings, leather girdle, and linen bands which are a survival (modified in a small degree through the ages) of the ordinary costume of citizens in Tudor days.

A prominent feature of the Shrewsbury School is the old School Wall on which are commemorated many pupils who, by a combination of achievements, have qualified for the right to carve their names. Only once has an unauthorized name found its way into the Wall. In 1907 an enterprising American visitor, finding a nice wall with names on it added his own in letters six times the regulation size. It is said that the school scarcely knew whether to laugh or shudder. A neat patch in the Wall still marks the place of this sacrilege. If we were to present this case before our own Agawam High, would the majority of the students think this act humorous or shameful? We wonder.

Has our own Agawam High School, but eleven years old, formed any traditions or customs which will endure for even one century? The publication of four quarterly issues of our school magazine should be one. It should thrive as do the old English customs. Yet will it?

Bringing home the "bacon" seems to have become a tradition with the Commercial Department. The mascot, a small brass pig customarily carried to each contest, is a well protected member of the department.

A cherished custom with successive Senior classes is the Senior Kid Party. Each year the Seniors dressed as young children, hold a Christmas party. Children's games are played and in the course of the evening, Santa comes carrying a bag of toys to deliver gifts to all.

The Junior-Senior Prom is another feature which we hope will endure. Each May the assembly is turned, through Junior Class activity, into a picturesque scene for the purpose of welcoming the Seniors to their last dance as school members.

It is up to us, the students, to form and uphold customs and traditions in our school which are worthy of existence, and to abandon those which are detrimental in any way.

Book Reports

"THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"

Modernists have been trying to show that religion is not at odds with science. The possible way out is to prove that religion is a science. Did religious ideas ever bring questions to your mind which were unanswerable? In Lloyd Douglas' book, "The Magnificent Obsession," one reads of the probability of a scientific religion. In this book, a journal written by Dr. Hudson, he relates facts which bring Dr. Bobby Merrich to see a golden light. Bobby strives for success but not by your probable route or mine. Later he seeks for happiness with Helen, but it always seems to him that Helen is out of his reach. These facts among others are interwoven in a successful story which interests the reader to the end. "The Magnificent Obsession" is not a book to be easily forgotten.

Muriel A. Fraser.

ELSIE VINNER

(Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes)

The author of this book proves that an interesting story may be written without using the eternal love triangle so popular with our modern authors. The main action of the story is centered in a small country village located at the foot of a towering mountain which menaces the safety of the inhabitants whose dwellings are near its base. Around the beautiful but unusual Elsie Vinner, the author builds a story as strange and fascinating as Elsie herself. Elsie's mysterious history gives an endless source of speculation to her country neighbors and is a cause of worry to her sorrowful father and devoted colored servant.

Although written seventy-five years ago, the story may be as interesting to the young man and young woman of today as it was to the "gallant youths" and "blushing maidens" of the nineteenth century.

Lillian Ardizoni.

Club Life

AGAVAMNIANA SOCIETAS LATINAE

The Senior Class has been well represented in the Agawam Latin Club during the years 1932-1933. Charles Hamblen was Primus Consul—the title given to the president of the organization while Rita Provost has served on the executive committee. Last year Rita was Secretary and Treasurer.

The Club has aimed to create an interest in the study of Latin and to bring pupils of all classes into one group in which topics of interest to Latin students might be discussed. There have been many interesting meetings during the past year, including a Valentine Party to the new members and a dog roast. At one of the meetings the Cicero class presented a dramatization of the orations against Catiline. Mr. Hadley took moving pictures of the play.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais consists of pupils who have had at least one year of French. The following are the officers: President, Adele Swanson; Secretary-Treasurer, Catherine Spaight; Committee Chairman, Dorothy Geoffrion.

Each meeting has a special program planned by the members of the club.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The officers of the Dramatic Club: President, Mary Tatro; Vice-President, Odette Bessette; Secretary, Alyce Scherpa; Treasurer, Edna Rust; Property Manager, Madeline Haynes; Faculty Advisor, Miss K. Phealan.

The purpose of the Dramatic Club is to create an interest in dramatics, to promote skill in dramatic technique, and to study various types of plays.

This year the members of the club presented a one-act play entitled "Dust of the Road" as the Christmas program. Those who participated were as follows: Alyce Scherpa, Ralph D'Amato, and Joseph Assad.

The members of the club also presented a one-act play "Peace I Give Unto You" at the Parent Teachers' Association in March. The players gave the same play a few days later for the students in the assembly. Those members who took part were as follows: Magdeline Mencarelli, Joseph Assad, Ralph D'Amato, Carl Burnett, and Clayton Moore. The play was coached by Mary Tatro and Alyce Scherpa.

PRO MERITO

The Pro Merito group of the Agawam High School consists of ten members from the present Senior class, and Justine Healy from last year's class.

The new membership is as follows: Vincent Cirillo, Alfred Davis, Barbara Halladay, Josephine Penna, Rita Provost, Ida Ricci, Alice Scherpa, Edna Rust, Dorothy Geoffrion, and Elsie Schultz.

The first gathering occurred at the home of Mr. Williams, the principal, where a pleasant evening was spent in the enjoyment of movies and the playing of games.

On March 17, all the members were again invited to assemble at the apartment of Miss Smith, who gave a dinner.

Several members attended a meeting at the Orange High School, Orange, Mass., May 13.

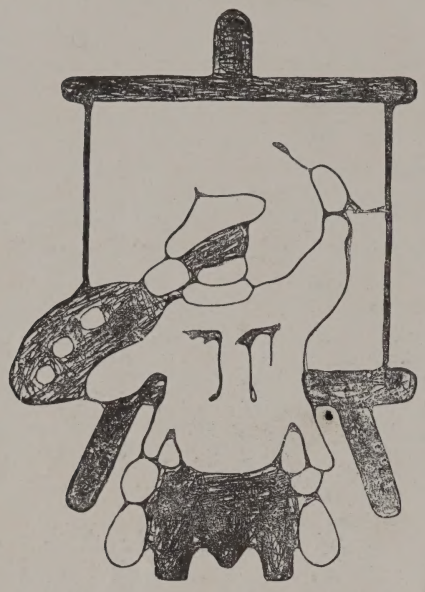
Refreshments were served by several members of the Society at one of the meetings of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Agawam Hi-Y has had a very eventful season. Being practically dissolved at the opening of the year, it has been built up to a firmly established extra-curricula activity. This has come about largely through the efforts of Mr. Coburn, our new advisor and State Y. M. C. A. representative. The growth of membership has been very encouraging, and at the close of the season numbered twenty on the active roll. A number of interesting meetings have been held, including the banquet given the senior members by the undergraduates. The staff of officers was wisely chosen and has done very excellent work. The officers were: Charles Ardizoni, president; Charles Hamblen, Vice-President; Alfred Davis, treasurer; and Donald Kenney, secretary. The season closed with the induction of new members and the election of officers. Mr. Phelps was attendant at the closing meeting and was made an honorary member.

AGAWAM AERONAUTICAL CLUB

The Agawam High School Aeronautical Club is nearing its fourth birthday. A select group of Juniors, Seniors and Post-graduate students attend the meetings which are supervised by Mr. Hadley. The mysterious reasons for the shape of aircraft, instruments in airplanes, weather stations, radios in aircraft, clouds, wind, motors, and numerous other unusual things have been disclosed at the weekly meetings of the club.



Art Notes

Among the various activities of the Art students this year several contests in poster design were held. The first was for the "Captain Crossbones" operetta given in March, the first prize being won by Walter Stepanik; the second by Jane and Charles Hamblen. Doris Morrison and Joseph Assad also submitted attractive posters.

Prizes offered by the Senior Play Committee for posters advertising the play in April, were won by Andrew Gallano, first; Michael Christopher and Ernest Stone, second. Excellent designs were also entered by Helen Rachek, and Eleanor Kent, and Vivian Cordes.

Early in the year officers were elected for the Arts and Crafts Club—Eileen Marotte, president; Jane Hamblen, Secretary-Treasurer. Leather bookmarks, painted wall tapestries, boxes and desk calendars of decorative paper, tea tiles and Christmas cards were some of the articles made. The study of figures and faces has been stressed this year in the upper class work, and surely there is evidence of the skill and confidence developed when we see the various ways in which these very difficult subjects have been applied to posters, costumes, cartoons and illustrations. A set of historical periods of costume has been made by girls in the art classes. These are careful pen and ink studies and the set may be borrowed by other departments in school.

A talk on "Artistic Stage Settings" was given by Miss Crowley at the December meeting of the Dramatic Club.

In January the Agawam Women's Club offered two five-dollar prizes to pupils not over fifteen years of age, the drawings to be original free hand studies in black and white, or in color. At the Art meeting of the Women's Club at Fellowship Hall, Agawam Center, the contest drawings were on exhibition, and the prizes given to Belinda Vandersingle for her charcoal drawing of a Venus de Milo cast, and to Mary Rachek for her still life group done in colored chalk. The judges of this contest were Miss Rose Ferry, Art teacher in West Springfield High School, and Miss Mary Cartwell of Carew Street School, Springfield. William Littlefield and Sophie Dymerski received honorable mention.

TWILIGHT

From high and lonely mountain top
When nature's beacon slowly drops,
Is heard the distant twinkling bell
As cows wind home from grassy dell.

Valley and highland, all alike,
Are wrapped in comforts of the night;
And feathery friends fly home to nest,
The whole wide world begins to rest.

Vivian Cordes, '35.

Junior High

Seventh Grade--Room 12

Four terms: George Dugan, George Moore, Harry Waniewski, Shirley Abell, Ruth Cornfoot, Patricia Donnellan, Rita Moseley, Dorothy Smith, Viola Mastrone.

Three terms: Dorothea Atwood, Eva Casanova, Virginia Clark, Jeannette Levesque, Rose Stepanik.

Two terms: William Roscoe, Robert Scannell, Harold Atwater, Lorraine Bailey, Anna Bugnoli, Rose Mercandante, Josephine Pugh, Stella Calabrese.

One term: George Maillard, Forrest Norris, Lebero Zanotti, Rose DeMaria, Barbara Torrey, Alfreida Strom, Colette Campbell, Joseph Lang.

Eighth Grade

Three terms: Shirley Masterson, Anita Levesque, Marion Kopcinski, Eva Gallano, Ruth Kerr, Avilda Goyette, Abbie Abrams, Jeanette Bowker, Esther Brown, Pauline Barbieri, Agnes Swanson, Mildred White, Elizabeth Wodell, Sophie Protzenko, Sophie Dymerski, Grace Bristol, Jean Brown, Alice Tronconi, Elvera Penna, Elroy Armstrong, Andrew Arnold.

Two terms: Bernice Wilcox, Dorothy Birchard, Esther DePalma, Paul Adams, Agnes Arnold, Jean Atwater, Arthur Cirillo, Claire LePage, William Littlefeld, Mary Repossi, William Risso, Domit Shaer, Charlotte Jasmin.

One term: Madeline Light, Louis Franklin, Francis Agnoli, Albert Doris, Anna Gazer, George Soderland, Hazel Wentworth, Mildred Avando, Norma Bailey, Alice DiDonato, Millie Backiel, Enis Alberghine, Susie Dean, Rose Alvergini, Arthur Breuniger, Herman Crouss, Louise Waniesoski.

MY FIRST FISHING TRIP

I started out with a happy heart, determined to catch a fish for my dinner.

As I reached the forest, I took the path which led to the river. When I reached the shore, I baited my hook and then waited, which seemed hours, for a bite. I felt a tug at the line. I pulled. Dangling at the end of my line was an old shoe.

With great disappointment, I turned homeward.

Evilda Goyette, Grade 8.

A WINDY DAY ON THE LAKE

A tempestuous gale was sweeping over the now darkened waters of Saratoga Lake. High breakers rolled in with white caps riding in their midst. The sky darkened, and it seemed that the lake darkened with it. Rain came in sheets, drenching the surrounding country. Altogether it was a most awe inspiring and amazing sight.

Robert Scannell, 8th grade.

FRIENDSHIP

Have you ever stopped to define friendship?

A true friend is one who shares your success, your happiness, and your sorrows with you. A true friend should never fail you. The saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," is a very good one.

A good example of true friendship is the friendship between the late President Calvin Coolidge and his friend who was a shoemaker in his old home town in Vermont. Even when Coolidge got to be President he did not forget his friend but had him for a visit at the White House although he was only a shoemaker.

Eva Casanova, 7th grade.

SPORTS IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Sports for boys have been well organized in the Junior High School. Keen competition and good sportsmanship are encouraged and good results are forthcoming.

The Seventh and Eight grades play three major sports in their seasons. These are basketball, touch football, and baseball. Each lunch hour during the week two rooms play the sport in season. This schedule is followed until each room in the Junior High School has played every other room, and then, after considering the most games won, and the sportsmanship of the rooms, a cup is awarded to the outstanding room for that sport.

The cup given is a silver cup set on a beautiful shield. This cup remains in the possession of the winning room until the winner of the next sport is decided upon.

This is the first year a cup has been awarded and Mrs. Maxwell's room was the first to have the honor of claiming the cup. This room won the cup because of its good sportsmanship and for winning the most games.

This year a set of rules were drawn up and a point system made for the winning of the cup. The teams must follow the rules drawn up to be considered for the award.

Rules governing inter-class play are as follows:

I. Players
   - A. A team must be composed of members of one homeroom only.
   - B. A team using a player from another room will thereby forfeit the game.
   - C. Any person on the ineligible list is automatically barred from inter-class play.

II. The referee
   - A. The referees are to be chosen by R. E. H. for each sport.
   - B. In the case of baseball only one umpire is needed; others behind the pitcher will detract from sportsmanship rating.
   - C. The decision of the referee is final and is not to be questioned at any time.

III. Room captains
   - A. Each room must choose a captain. If the captain's name is later found on the ineligible list, a new one must be elected. (New one for each sport.)
   - B. The captain shall give all who wish the opportunity of playing.

IV. Cheering
   - A. A well organized cheering section will be an important factor in awarding the sportsmanship cup.

V. Alibis
   - A. Do not offer alibis if you lose.
   - B. Do not say the referee cheated.
     - (a) A good sport is a gracious winner and philosophic loser.

VI. Rough play
   - A. Rough play is not permitted and will incur penalty.

VII. Use of school material
   - A. Equipment belonging to the school should always be cared for. All should feel responsible.

Points for Winning the Cup

I.	Attitude toward the officials	15
II.	Cheering originality, quality and timeliness	15
III.	Clean, not rough, play (fair play)	15
IV.	Losing or winning with right spirit	15
V.	Most games won	40
		100

Athletics

FOOTBALL

September 30. Agawam broke into the football season with high spirits by beating Farmington's eleven in an out-of-town game. Jones, Provo, and Tisdell brought Agawam out on top by a score of 20-0.

October 7, at Woodrow Wilson. Almost duplicating last year's score of 39-0, Agawam's football team scored 33 points against Woodrow Wilson High School's 0. Jones and Provo seem to know how to "put 'em over the line" quite satisfactorily for Agawam as they demonstrated to the best of their ability.

October 14. The first home game against Adam's eleven, seemed to be "in the bag" for Adams after the first half when Agawam was held scoreless. In the second half, however, Adams failed to score while Agawam completed four touchdowns. Score 27-14 for Agawam.

October 21. Enfield eleven came to Agawam only to find that they were no match for the home team. They returned to Enfield with a defeat of 19-0 chalked up against them, and probably wondering how Jones and Provo could play so well.

November 11, Turners Falls at Agawam, 14-13. Agawam eleven went strong until Sam Provo, high scorer, dislocated his elbow while recovering a fumble. This gave the visiting team an advantage over Agawam, and they scored two touchdowns but were unable to tie Agawam's score.

November 14. The rivalry between Agawam and West Springfield was at its height when Agawam went to defeat West Side on their own field in the most exciting game of the season so far. The score was tied until the last minute when Cracker Jones made a long run to score the winning touchdown for Agawam 20-13. The game ended like a "story book" game, and clean playing on both sides was especially remarkable for rival teams.

Cathedral game which promised to be the most exciting game in the Valley was called off due to injuries sustained by Jones and Provo, Agawam's old stand-bys. However, Agawam held its record clear of defeats and produced the Valley's high scorer, Sam Provo and several others were rated on inter-scholastic teams.

BASKETBALL

Alumni were defeated by Agawam in the first game of the season, December 15, 1933, by a score of 34-11. Agawam was fine and started out in good form in the opening game of the season with Jones and Smith outstanding among others on the team.

December 23. Ludlow fell an easy victim to the Agawam team which was fine on our home floor. They suffered a defeat of 50-12. There was no doubt as to the outcome of the game from the first quarter when the Agawam boys went into the game with high spirits.

January 3. For the first time in several years, Northampton invaded the Agawam floor only to be repulsed by our strong and steady five to the tune of 28-18. A hard fight was anticipated but the boys seemed confident that they would win.

January 6. Agawam journeyed to Enfield to prove that they could play as well on other floors as they could at home. Enfield suffered a defeat of 24-19 with Jones and Smith starring for the victors.

January 13. Still keeping up their standard, Agawam turned away a strong Trade High School five which came to Agawam, confident of another victory for themselves. This made the fifth consecutive victory for Agawam.

January 18. Agawam's visit to West Springfield proved a victory, as far as scores were concerned but also a loss; that of Cracker Jones who was forced to leave the floor due to an injured ankle. The score was 28-14, favor of Agawam.

January 20. A strong St. Mary's team handed Agawam its first defeat of the season 19-28. The loss of Cracker Jones showed a marked change in the final score, but the players showed their same skill and spirit throughout the game.

January 27. By the closing score of 20-21, M. S. C. second year men edged out Agawam's fighting five who went strong all through the game. Agawam was defeated by points gained in an overtime period by the college men.

January 31. Northampton, on their own floor made a desperate attempt to even their score with Agawam, but were again turned away by a margin of 16 points. The final score was 38-22. Provo and Smith were high scorers with 27 points between them.

February 3. Enfeld on our own floor proved no stronger than in their own territory, as Agawam again trounced them by a score of 30-13.

Agawam was sure of the victory as Geoffrion and Smith shot from all angles to raise the score.

February 7. Ludlow, like Enfield, tried in vain to beat Agawam, but on their own floor this time. By a clean easy game Agawam piled up 40 points to their 19.

February 10. A strong and rather confident Easthampton team came to inflict on Agawam its third defeat of the season. The home team put up a hard fight to come up on top, but the closing whistle found them two points behind—24-22.

February 14. Agawam repaid Trade's visit by playing them on their home floor but to no better luck for the Trade five. They suffered the same fall as before, losing out to Agawam 30-14 with Smith and Tisdell coming to the front featuring long floor shots.

February 17. A very determined Agawam five traveled to the St. Mary's floor to meet a very confident and strong team. Agawam was trailing far behind at the end of the first half, but when Cracker Jones went in at the second half, their hopes and their score rose; they broke both the confidence and the winning streak of St. Mary's five. The score at the end was 33-23.

February 23. By the close score of 21-19, West Side finally managed to beat Agawam's score but by no means did they better Agawam's playing or sportsmanship. Despite the fact that Agawam played with practically the whole regular team and on their home floor, the boys were unable to tie or better West Side's score.

February 25. Commerce five put a sad ending to their basketball season by losing out to Agawam by a score of 42-23. Geoffrion and Smith aided toward raising the score to almost double that of Commerce.

March 4. Agawam closed the basketball season by defeating the Massachusetts State College five on the Amherst floor. M. S. C. had previously defeated Agawam here but by a very close score. Led by Geoffrion's scoring and Bob Raymond's defensive work, Agawam came out ahead, 27-24.

March 7. In a close contest on the Easthampton floor, Agawam again failed to surpass their opponent's score, and despite a desperate effort to win, they were defeated by the narrow margin of one point, 17-16.

TOURNAMENT

March 2. The Agawam basketball team was invited to compete in the annual Tournament at Amherst again this year. In their first game against Hopkins, Agawam started out very well in the first half, but the second half found them playing a defensive game as they tried to keep Hopkins, score down. The end of the game found Agawam ahead with the score of 18-16. Smith and Geoffrion proved best for Agawam with 14 points between them.

March 3. Agawam's victory over Hopkins meant a game against Deerfield in the semi-finals at the Tournament. Agawam seemed to lack Deerfield's ability to score and although they kept the scores almost the same on both sides, Deerfield came out ahead with 27-24 at the end.

Coach Smith has high hopes for a successful baseball season despite the fact that he has only five veterans. However, a large number of boys turned out for candidates and it is probable that he will be able to select several good players from the group.

GIRLS' SPORTS

During the girls' field hockey season, there were nine games played. The Junior team won their numerals in the inter-class games by defeating the Seniors 2-1, Sophomores 3-1, and the Freshman 3-0.

The Brown and Orange game was very exciting although neither team scored.

There was a mistake about the dates of the West Hartford games, so one day their team unexpectedly arrived here prepared to play. Notwithstanding the lack of varsity practice, the Agawam team played exceptionally well, although it was beaten by the score 1-0.

A few days later it retaliated by defeating West Hartford 1-0 at West Hartford.

There are many varsity players graduating, but if the present Freshmen keep up their reputation and the incoming class does as fine work as its predecessors, the team may look forward to a successful season next year.

The basketball season started out with the inter-class games in which the Juniors received their numerals. The games were very close and showed Coach Edgell just what varsity material she had.

In the first three games, two-section basketball was played. The girls lost to Suffield 15-14, and defeated Windsor Locks 22-21, and Suffield 20-7.

Four three-section games were played in which Agawam beat International 36-32, and lost to West Hartford 43-30, International 27-14, West Hartford 34-32.

Soon after the varsity games, a game between the Orange and Brown teams was played which was won by the Brown.

E. Bloom, '34

March 28, 1933,
Agawam, Mass.

To: Editor of the Agawam Mirror

Subject: Agawam Eleven

My dear Miss Ricci:

Upon request I am submitting an All-Agawam Eleven.

Having seen practically the majority of football games every year, since its initial year 1924, the writer will endeavor, to the best of his ability and knowledge, to select an all A. H. S. Eleven from the years 1924 to 1932 inclusive.

All players who failed to make the varsity grade for at least two years were disregarded.

Team A	Position	Team B
T. White	Ends	A. Johnson
G. Reynolds		C. Daley
E. Jenks	Tackles	R. Raymond
R. Jones		C. Pilch
A. Paro,	Guards	E. Parent
P. Montagna		J. Reynolds
R. Channell	Center	C. Abrams
M. Wanewski	Quarterback	J. Pilch
C. Pond,	Halfbacks	G. Wallace
S. Provo		C. Jones
S. Sliech	Fullback	C. Benoit

If this selection is approved by the Mirror Staff it can be published in the next issue.

Thanking you for your consideration,

I remain, sincerely yours,
Louis A. Ferrarini, '28.

Alumni

By FERN MILLER

Class of '32

Miss Dorothy Neill who is taking a nursing course at Hartford General Hospital, recently passed her examination with the highest mark of her class.

Miss Orpha Hasting has undergone her period of probation successfully at the Springfield Hospital and now wears a cap.

Miss Mary Stocker and Norma Broggi, former *Mirror* Staff secretary, have returned to school. Mary is helping Miss Muller in the office and Norma is handy girl for Miss McIntire.

Miss Della Lamson and Jennie Statkun are studying at Westfield Normal School to become teachers.

Class of '31

At a recent visit to Springfield Hospital we found Miss Dorothy Bryce wearing a white hood which showed us that she had been assigned to the operating room.

Miss Florence Bradford, former editor-in-chief of the Agawam *Mirror*, is working at Massachusetts Mutual and recently announced her engagement to a Springfield College man.

Miss Francis Montagna, that young lady always prominent for her business ability, has a diamond twinkling on *the* finger. Does it mean anything, Francis?

Miss Dorothy Hastings who is taking a physical educaton course at Boston Physical Education School had a vacation recently and spent much of her time visiting our physical education classes to see how it is done.

Miss Sylvia Hunter has moved with her family to Vermont. She is still studying music and doing fine.

Miss Mary O'Connor is working at Brigham's Stores in Springfield and has been very successful in her work. We hope she will become buyer some day.

Edith Pisano is working at the General Baking Company in the bakery department.

Charles Marsh after working a year at the Massachusetts Mutual has now entered Massachusetts State College.

We have noticed quite a few alumni strolling the corridors this year on visit trips. Among these were Richard Merrill, Edith Pisano, Alfred Goulet, Dorothy Hastings, Bion Wheeler, Dorothy Bryce, Vera Brown, Robert Carroll and Gordon Wallace.

Post graduate courses have become very popular at Agawam High School. We have with us this year, Walter Moseley, Everrett Pond, Norma Allen, Mabel Pooler, Carlson Martyny, Mary Stocker, Norma Broggi, Alice Balboni, Joseph Chagnon, and Edson Ferrell.

We wish to take advantage of our opportunity to speak to you at this time and to thank all the alumni who helped make the *Mirror* dance a success by their patronage.

This is a good corner to renew class friendships. Why not write in and tell us what you are doing?

Other School Magazines

By LENA LODI

We find that our exchange magazines vary as to the nature of their contents. That is to say, some are conservative, others radical, and the makeup of others show a tendency to be conservative in some respects and radical in others. However, we are not able to state which of the three classes is the most interesting because we have enjoyed them all. We have found, too, that a conservative article in one magazine may hold our interest just as much as a very radical feature in another.

Since we are issuing but one number of *The Mirror* this year, our collection of exchange magazines has not been very large. We naturally do not expect to receive magazines from other schools when they have not received ours in return.

In *The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minnesota, the beautiful tributes paid to a departed principal, John M. Guise, in the December issue of the magazine, must be praised for their genuineness.

The December number of *Red and White* of Lake View High School, Chicago, has a very unusual collection of short stories. We were especially pleased with the interesting plot of "Hosanna in the Highest" by George Steinbrecher; with the ludicrous descriptions of stout Mr. Underdunk's clumsy actions in "The Balmy Heights" by Rollan Gerrard; and with the beautiful, fantastic passages of "Earth Mother" by Edna E. Bahls. The author of "Firecrackers" shows an unusual method of recording an interview with a half-dozen students.

In the *Balance Sheet* of Roosevelt High School, Washington, D. C., the amusing Teddy Bear cartoons in the November issue add a uniqueness to the enjoyable magazine.

As for the *Sea Chest* of Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, the exchange column in the December issue arouses interest.

In the February issue of *The Purple Quill* of Ball High School, Galveston, Texas, we note the beautiful compact thoughts and harmonious quality of the dedication poem "The Airplane" by Nora O'Brien. We like the one act comedy "Spats" for its realistic backgrown. The literary section in the March number is especially interesting. This magazine is unquestionably one of the best in our collection of exchange magazines.

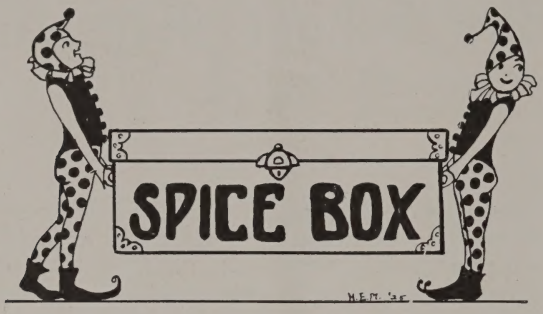
The December edition of the *Ranger* of Chisholm, Minnesota, has interested us. We especially liked the Christmas poems for the true Christmas spirit they portray.

The March issue of the *Lawrence High School Bulletin* of Lawrence, Massachusetts, offers a very enjoyable literary section.

The March issue of *The Beacon* of Fordham Preparatory School of New York City contains a very unique story, "Barren Lands," with an unusual method of development. "The Greatest Tragedy" and "Decision" must also be classed as two of the best written features in the magazine. In the April number, we found "Proof of His Power" a highly commendable article. The short story "To the Point" portrays the art of salesmanship in several different aspects. We gratefully acknowledge the regular receipt of *The Beacon*.

Laboremus from Tirana, Albania, Europe, is a very well written school paper. The delightfully written poem "The Shepherd," embodied by a delicate sense of beauty, interests us. This paper has been received regularly and is very much appreciated.

Commerce from Springfield, and *The Mercury* from West Springfield have also been regular contributions to our files.



Miss Miller: "When going down to the Assembly Hall, the boys will wait until the girls have passed out."

Miss Button: "Speak as you would over the radiator." (Radio.)

E. R. (in laboratory: "Mr. Hadley, I want some alimony." (Antimony).

W. Wadden (explaining a geometry proposition): "Therefore the quadrilateral triangles are congruent."

Mr. Hadley: "Where was gold just recently discovered?"

Bright Pupil: "Last night on the Death Valley program."

Miss Button: "I don't want any floor on my paper."

Miss Ward: "They wished to allow slavery but not slaves." (Slave trade.)

N. Roberts: "Johnson became a literary druggist."

Mr. Quirk: "What is the relation of a whale to a fish?"

M. Rioux: "It's a whale of a fish."

Miss Ward: "How many different kinds of paper money can you find in circulation today?"

Alfred Davis: "I can't find any."

Heard in Grade 7 hygiene class after a discussion of the Pasteur antitoxin treatment for dog bites.

"If you are bitten by a dog, go to a doctor and he will intoxicate you."

Mr. Hadely: "What are some of the uses of Iodine?"

O. C.: "Isn't it used in dying?"

Mr. Hadely: "Oh yes, many people use it to commit suicide."

French Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what the explosive consonants are?"

Voice: "T. N. T."

Gleaned from General Science class.

"Venus is the messenger of God."

N. T. P.: "Watch an evening sunrise."

Freshman: "Say, why do they measure the ocean in knots?"

Sophomore: "Well, how else would you expect to get the ocean tide?"—*Sea Chest.*

Doc: "Give me a short definition of polygon."

Pupil: "A polygon is a dead parrot."

—*The Packet.*

(*Continued from page 9*)

"I'm sorry to say it's the truth," replied Joe gravely.

She noticed the unhappy look in his eyes and realized that he was telling the truth. She smiled sadly as she said, "Live and learn, Joe. You won't do it again, will you?"

"Well, I *hope* not!" he said emphatically.

"That's enough," she said as she walked away to her companions, leaving Joe to ponder over her.

Well, at least she wasn't angry. The football season was half-way over without another word from Joe in regard to his getting on the team. Of course, Coach Hale and the other boys knew why Joe was not playing, but they did not make the matter public.

Joe went to every game and joined in the spirit of the crowd. Mae was still her old self, and Jeanne, Mother, and Dad tried to mention the case as little as possible.

Joe did not forget that he had been told that he could not be on the football team, but he remembered no word from the principal that forbade his playing basketball.

The day came when he asked Mr. Gulden if he could play on the team.

Mr. Gulden answered in a grave manner, "Ellis, we have been watching you and think that you have learned a great lesson. We know from previous experience that you were a smoker outside of school although you have not made it a habit. Since your unhappy little episode, we have noted that you smoke no longer. Is that not right?"

Joe answered with a happy nod.

"Well, I think I'll be very lenient with you and let you play. "

Joe could hardly keep from dancing about the room.

"But remember," continued Mr. Gulden in a serious tone, "that if ever again you are caught in the act at school, you will be suspended."

"Don't worry!" said Joe as he left the room.

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THE TAPER

His red velvet tam-o-shanter is tilted on one side, and his ruddy brown hair is tousled and uncombed. His ruddy brown mustache is curled at the ends and a carefree smile is shown on his face. There are wrinkles of joy at the corners of his eyes and mouth and the unconscious words of a happy drunkard are on his merry red lips. In his hand, which shows no signs of great toil, and depicts a man of ease, is a golden goblet filled with sparkling wine. He knows no worry, in his unending bliss, and looks very proud of his beloved wine glass. His costume is that of the old Dutch style, with a red over-shirt of some rough material, open at the neck.

This is a painting by the great Dutch master, Franz Hals, and looks so natural, that at a quick glance one would think it was real.

Belinda Vandersingel.

STUDENT COUNCIL 1933

Seniors—Rita Provost, Secretary; Alfred Davis, Helen Donaldson, Clark Jones, President.

Juniors—Francis Lucardi, Edward Bessette, Ronald Johnson, Treasurer.

Sophomores — Merril Tisdel, Geraldine Rising.

Freshmen—David Novelli, Marjorie Wilcox.

The student council this year has been devoting most of the time to the discussion of some of the school-faculty problems.

A chief topic is that of the traffic in the senior corridors at noon and during other recess periods. Much has already been done concerning this, and so far plans have been working very satisfactorily concerning not only traffic problems but also regarding the cleanliness of the school.

The council has also spent much time in the discussion of other school matters such as school dances, and school rings.

Ronald Johnson.

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AT TWILIGHT

The great, round sun had just set behind the rim of the purple hills yonder. At this moment the western sky was aglow with colors magnificent and rare, the like of which I had never seen before.

A little to the left were vivid streaks of red and gold, while to the right, dainty violet was shaded on to a beautiful, dreamy blue. Directly ahead, and seeming to emerge right up out of the mountains was a deep flame orange which was topped by a creamy, waxen yellow.

Gradually the wonderful picture changed, and the sky, which was before grey-blue, was now a cold, dark steel grey.

A chill shiver ran up and down my spine, and as the heavy, soft, shadows of night fell, I marveled at Nature's power to command the skies and atmosphere, and to close the day so suddenly by pulling down the curtains of twilight.

Belinda Vandersingel.

THE INTERLUDE

As I stood beside our old apple tree in the early winter twilight, the withered stalks of hollyhocks and the gray outline of rose and lilac bushes shivered and trembled like so many flower ghosts. Over the tops of the pointed pines growing on the mountain, a star sparkled, bright as a Christmas candle. The wind screamed and howled, as it rushed over the plain sounding like a band of angry coyotes bouncing on their prey. Then as twilight deepened, the moon changed its thin, silvery light to soft gold. All the while, the golden twinkling stars, sparkled in the dark blue sky.

Rose A. Monty.

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"PALS"

One quiet summer day in the village of Fairmont a boy and a dog were seen coming down the street in a small cart. They stopped in front of the village store and the boy gazed longingly at a tray of jack-knives displayed in the store window. Suddenly the dog stood up and began to bark. The boy turned his head and asked, "What is the matter, Spotty?" The dog still kept on barking so the boy looked in the other window and saw a display of dog food. He looked at his dog and then at the jack-knives in the other window. He reached in his pocket and drew out a fifty-cent piece as he entered the store. A few minutes later he came out with a bundle under his arm. He laid the package down and said, "Well, Spotty, my money's gone, but I'd rather have you than all of the knives in the world.

Frank Amsden, 7th grade.

Teacher: "State the derivation of the word 'silk'."

Stude: "Silk is derived from the silk-worm." —*The Purple Quill.*

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An Easy One

History Teacher: "Jane, what chapter are you reading?"

Jane: "Cuba Under Spain."

Teacher: "Irene, where is Cuba?"

Irene: "Why—er, under Spain."

—*The Senior Scroll.*

Lee: "I made $75,000 in the stock market last month."

Lou: "Honest, Lee?

Lee: "None of your business!"

—*Balance Sheet.*

She: "Lets do something unusual."

He: "All right, you pay for the tickets."

—*Early Trainer.*

Teacher Slipped

Teacher: "John Smith, you are late this morning."

John: "Yes, ma'am; the snow and the sleet was so bad that every step I took I slipped back two."

Teacher: "What exaggeration! If you slipped back two steps for every one you took forward, how did you get get here at all?"

John (innocently): "Please, teacher, I started to walk home."

—*Red and White.*

John Sullivan: "Your dog bit me."

Joe Howard: "Impossible."

Steven: "Prove it."

Joe: "First, my dog nas no teeth; second, he is not ferocious; third, he is particular whom he bites; fourth, I have no dog."

—*Lawrence Bullet.*

R. Wilson: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

She: "Where did you say you were from?"—*Drury Academe.*

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Mr. Jones: "Who invented the hole in the doughnut?"

Roy Nickerson: "Oh, some fresh-air fiend, I suppose."

—*The Sea Chest.*

Miss Fitzgerald: "What did Antonio say when Shylock demanded a pound of flesh 'from nearest his heart?' "

Student: "Cut it out! Why Shylock you're a man after my own heart?"

—*Netop.*

Brown: "Miss Connell, I saw an airplane flyin'."

Miss Connell: "Don't forget your 'g's', Brown."

Brown: "Gee, Miss Connell, I saw an airplane flyin'."

—*Spotlight.*

Present Tense, "Spink"

Papa: "Bob, if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class."

"Now do you know what spunk is?"

Boy: "Yes. It's the past participle of spank."

—*Red and White.*

Hunter: "It's scandalous to charge us $5 for towing the car only three miles."

Wesley: "Never mind, Jimmie, he's earning it; I've got my brakes on."

—*Balance Sheet.*

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